

BACK INTO FAVOR HAS COME SOFT GLOW OF CANDLE-LIGHT TO CAST ITS CHARM OVER FEMININE BEAUTY

Would you make your dinner party a shining success, turn off the electric lights and distribute among the silver and china slender candlesticks. The soft glow of the candles cannot help but pervade a room with a spirit of festivity and enhance the charm of the guests. Nothing is as becoming to feminine complexions as candle light.

Besides it's quite the thing now to use candlesticks everywhere. For dinner, good form calls for candlesticks of crystal or silver designed in slender, elegant lines. Custom favors white candles of approximately the same length as the candlestick. However, many hostesses prefer to use candles matching the floral decorations. Candlestick shades are quite passé.

With the return of candles to favor, snuffers have made their re-appearance. Small discs of glass which fit around the candle just where it stands in the candlestick, can be purchased to catch the drippings.

ASK FOR BANQUET CANDLES.

A wise hostess, however, will ask for banquet candles, as these do not drip, and thus will save her a lot of annoyance.

For decorative purposes there are candlesticks of brass, wrought iron, wood and those known as polychrome work.

Wrought iron candlesticks have only lately come into wide use and are especially suitable for a room having Italian furniture. The tall candelabra look particularly well beside a simple fireplace, whereas the regular sized candelabras are used to advantage as a balance on a heavy table, such as a refectory table.

The beautifully colored were known as polychrome is widely used for decorative purposes. Two short polychrome candlesticks can be used on the hall table before a small picture. The candles should be long. In fact, a sense of proportion should govern the choice of candles in all cases.

CANDELABRAS ON MANTELS.

On the mantel, candlesticks help to effect beautiful groupings. In some cases, two slender candlesticks are used on each side. If there is no mirror or picture above the mantel, candelabras can be used. Silver or brass candlesticks are used for this purpose, and sometimes the old-fashioned ones of crystal.

Scoreces, too, have come into popularity lately. Placing a scorece above a hall table, or in the dining room beside the buffet, they can be used advantageously.



For decorative purposes, candlesticks of brass, wrought iron, wood, polychrome, silver and crystal.

Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

Again I looked at Mamie wondering. How could she have kept so sweet and full of good humor when every day she was a target for all the tawdry compliments that any man might see fit to give her?

In my business life since then I have often wondered why almost every man, old or young, rich or poor, uncouth or polished, thinks that he can attract any woman he may desire. Many times I have known men who seemed to think that with a silly compliment or two they could make a conquest even though the compliment were expressed in atrocious English.

I have found that man never looks upon woman impersonally. She is never just a human being. She is either his mother, his wife, his sister or a prospective romance or flirtation.

However, at the time of my experience as a hat checker, I had had no parallel from which to draw conclusions, and it had never occurred to me that girls in business life had to put up with these things.

Another would-be flatterer tried to



Wings of the morning!
Give him a real good cup of coffee every morning—fragrant, and rich and smooth to the taste, with its wholesome invigoration—and he is ready for the day's work.

There are several such coffees, all packed in vacuum-sealed tins.

Schilling's is one—your money back if you want it.

Schilling Coffee

Used for 70 Years
Through its Grandmother's youthful appearance has remained until youth has become but a memory. The soft, refined, pearly white appearance it renders leaves the joy of Beauty with you for many years.

Gouraud's
Oriental Cream

FRANK T. HOPKINS & SONS, NEW YORK

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND SPLASHY RINGTAIL

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

(By HOWARD R. GARIS.)

"Aren't you afraid to go out, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one day, as she saw the bunny gentleman getting ready to leave his hallow stump bungalow.

"Afraid? What of?" asked Mr. Longears as he rubbed a speck of dust off his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch.

"Why, have you forgotten how Bob Cat, the wild lynx, nearly caught us yesterday?" asked Nurse Jane.

"No, indeed. I haven't forgotten that," said Uncle Wiggly, "and I haven't forgotten how you frightened him off by making believe you were going to snip off with your scissors his ear tassels for sofa cushions."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Nurse Jane. "That was funny! But don't you think he'll chase you again?"

"Oh, no," said Uncle Wiggly. "I'm not going that way. Today I'm going to call on an old friend of mine, Mr. Dippy Ringtail, the raccoon gentleman."

"Dippy Ringtail? What a funny name!" laughed Nurse Jane.

"Well, he is called Dippy because he is so clean that he dips all his food in water before he eats it," said Uncle Wiggly.

"And he has a little boy raccoon named Splashy, who not only dips his food in water but splashes the water about as he does so. And they got their names Ringtail because the fur on their rings is in brownish gray and white rings."

"How interesting!" said Nurse Jane. "If there is a little Ringtail boy, perhaps you will like to take him one of my carrot turnovers. They are like apple dumplings, only sweeter, and you may tell him they are clean, so he doesn't need to dip them in water."

"I'll tell him," promised Uncle Wiggly. "I shall be glad to take Splashy Ringtail one of your carrot turnovers, Nurse Jane."

So the muskrat lady housekeeper put the turnover which was like a little pie in a clean paper bag, and gave it to Uncle Wiggly. Off the bunny rabbit gentleman started across the fields and through the woods. There was some snow on the ground, though the weather was not quite cold enough yet to have frozen the ponds and brooks.

As Uncle Wiggly hopped along he looked in the snow for the marks of the tracks of any birds or beasts.

"I don't want to see the tracks or claws of Bob Cat," thought the bunny as he held the carrot turnover under his coat. Nurse Jane had been now to make believe snip off his ear tassels, which all lynx chaps wear."

But Uncle Wiggly saw no marks in the snow to frighten him. He did see, however, some prints in the clean snow that looked as if a little boy or girl had been playing there. The marks looked just like hand marks. But as there were other marks also, Uncle Wiggly knew them for what they were.

"Splashy Ringtail, the little raccoon chap, has been along here," said the bunny to himself, as he followed the tracks until he came to a small brook. "Raccoons make, with their hind feet marks in the snow or mud just like those of children. I wonder where Splashy is?"

As Uncle Wiggly reached the brook, he heard a noise and, looking around the corner of a stump, he saw Splashy Ringtail, the little raccoon boy, himself. Splashy was dipping his paws in the water and washing on the ground.

"Oh Splashy!" cried the bunny rabbit gentleman. "I have something for you! Nurse Jane sent it to you, as I was coming to your house to see your father. Here it is!" and Uncle Wiggly handed Splashy the carrot turnover.

Nurse Jane had baked.

"Oh, you are very kind!" said the little raccoon boy, as he took the paper bag. "I was just getting hungry and—"

"Yes, and so am I hungry!" cried another voice and bless your lollypop! Out from behind a big rock sprang Bob Cat, with his short stubby tail and little tassels on the ends of his ears.

"I'm hungry for a rabbit, whose name begins with B. And Nurse Jane has just sent me a carrot turnover 'way off far'!" said Bob Cat in a sort of a sing-song verse. Not that I think any more of him for that, but it's what he said.

"Oh, are you hungry for me?" asked Uncle Wiggly, sort of apprehensive like and fearful.

"I am," growled Bob Cat. "I came here expressly to get you, and now I have. You may run along, little raccoon boy," he said to Splashy Ringtail, who was opening the paper bag to see what Nurse Jane had sent him by Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, it's something good to eat!" cried Splashy, as he saw the carrot turnover. "Oh, how glad I am! Perhaps you will have some of this, and let poor Uncle Wiggly go!" suggested the raccoon boy to Bob Cat.

Nurse Jane said she would let Uncle Wiggly go, but the bad creature, I've been waiting too long for him, and I'm too hungry!"

"I am hungry too," said Splashy Ringtail with his turnover, while Uncle Wiggly didn't know what to do. He was just going to tell Splashy that there really was no need to wash the nice, clean bit of pastry Nurse Jane had sent when, all of a sudden the raccoon boy dipped his front paw in the water and splashed a lot of it right in the face of Bob Cat, who was just going to grab Uncle Wiggly!

"Here! What are you doing that for?" howled Bob Cat.

"Oh, it's always polite to wash your face before you eat!" said Splashy, as he splashed a lot more water all over the lynx.

"Oh, wow! I can't stand that cold water!" howled Bob Cat. "It gives me the shivers and crinkles up my fur!"

And as Splashy sent more water in a shower all over him, away ran Bob Cat, not getting Uncle Wiggly at all.

"Ha! Ha! That's the time I fooled him!" laughed the little raccoon boy.

chaps, has been along here," said the bunny to himself, as he followed the tracks until he came to a small brook. "Raccoons make, with their hind feet marks in the snow or mud just like those of children. I wonder where Splashy is?"

As Uncle Wiggly reached the brook, he heard a noise and, looking around the corner of a stump, he saw Splashy Ringtail, the little raccoon boy, himself. Splashy was dipping his paws in the water and washing on the ground.

"Oh Splashy!" cried the bunny rabbit gentleman. "I have something for you! Nurse Jane sent it to you, as I was coming to your house to see your father. Here it is!" and Uncle Wiggly handed Splashy the carrot turnover.

Nurse Jane had baked.

"Oh, you are very kind!" said the little raccoon boy, as he took the paper bag. "I was just getting hungry and—"

"Yes, and so am I hungry!" cried another voice and bless your lollypop! Out from behind a big rock sprang Bob Cat, with his short stubby tail and little tassels on the ends of his ears.

"I'm hungry for a rabbit, whose name begins with B. And Nurse Jane has just sent me a carrot turnover 'way off far'!" said Bob Cat in a sort of a sing-song verse. Not that I think any more of him for that, but it's what he said.

"Oh, are you hungry for me?" asked Uncle Wiggly, sort of apprehensive like and fearful.

"I am," growled Bob Cat. "I came here expressly to get you, and now I have. You may run along, little raccoon boy," he said to Splashy Ringtail, who was opening the paper bag to see what Nurse Jane had sent him by Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, it's something good to eat!" cried Splashy, as he saw the carrot turnover. "Oh, how glad I am! Perhaps you will have some of this, and let poor Uncle Wiggly go!" suggested the raccoon boy to Bob Cat.

Nurse Jane said she would let Uncle Wiggly go, but the bad creature, I've been waiting too long for him, and I'm too hungry!"

"I am hungry too," said Splashy Ringtail with his turnover, while Uncle Wiggly didn't know what to do. He was just going to tell Splashy that there really was no need to wash the nice, clean bit of pastry Nurse Jane had sent when, all of a sudden the raccoon boy dipped his front paw in the water and splashed a lot of it right in the face of Bob Cat, who was just going to grab Uncle Wiggly!

"Here! What are you doing that for?" howled Bob Cat.

"Oh, it's always polite to wash your face before you eat!" said Splashy, as he splashed a lot more water all over the lynx.

"Oh, wow! I can't stand that cold water!" howled Bob Cat. "It gives me the shivers and crinkles up my fur!"

And as Splashy sent more water in a shower all over him, away ran Bob Cat, not getting Uncle Wiggly at all.

"Ha! Ha! That's the time I fooled him!" laughed the little raccoon boy.

"I am hungry too," said Splashy Ringtail with his turnover, while Uncle Wiggly didn't know what to do. He was just going to tell Splashy that there really was no need to wash the nice, clean bit of pastry Nurse Jane had sent when, all of a sudden the raccoon boy dipped his front paw in the water and splashed a lot of it right in the face of Bob Cat, who was just going to grab Uncle Wiggly!

"Here! What are you doing that for?" howled Bob Cat.

"Oh, it's always polite to wash your face before you eat!" said Splashy, as he splashed a lot more water all over the lynx.

"Oh, wow! I can't stand that cold water!" howled Bob Cat. "It gives me the shivers and crinkles up my fur!"

And as Splashy sent more water in a shower all over him, away ran Bob Cat, not getting Uncle Wiggly at all.

"Ha! Ha! That's the time I fooled him!" laughed the little raccoon boy.

"I am hungry too," said Splashy Ringtail with his turnover, while Uncle Wiggly didn't know what to do. He was just going to tell Splashy that there really was no need to wash the nice, clean bit of pastry Nurse Jane had sent when, all of a sudden the raccoon boy dipped his front paw in the water and splashed a lot of it right in the face of Bob Cat, who was just going to grab Uncle Wiggly!

"Here! What are you doing that for?" howled Bob Cat.

"Oh, it's always polite to wash your face before you eat!" said Splashy, as he splashed a lot more water all over the lynx.

"Oh, wow! I can't stand that cold water!" howled Bob Cat. "It gives me the shivers and crinkles up my fur!"

And as Splashy sent more water in a shower all over him, away ran Bob Cat, not getting Uncle Wiggly at all.

"Ha! Ha! That's the time I fooled him!" laughed the little raccoon boy.

"I am hungry too," said Splashy Ringtail with his turnover, while Uncle Wiggly didn't know what to do. He was just going to tell Splashy that there really was no need to wash the nice, clean bit of pastry Nurse Jane had sent when, all of a sudden the raccoon boy dipped his front paw in the water and splashed a lot of it right in the face of Bob Cat, who was just going to grab Uncle Wiggly!

"Here! What are you doing that for?" howled Bob Cat.

"Oh, it's always polite to wash your face before you eat!" said Splashy, as he splashed a lot more water all over the lynx.

"Oh, wow! I can't stand that cold water!" howled Bob Cat. "It gives me the shivers and crinkles up my fur!"

And as Splashy sent more water in a shower all over him, away ran Bob Cat, not getting Uncle Wiggly at all.

"Ha! Ha! That's the time I fooled him!" laughed the little raccoon boy.

"I am hungry too," said Splashy Ringtail with his turnover, while Uncle Wiggly didn't know what to do. He was just going to tell Splashy that there really was no need to wash the nice, clean bit of pastry Nurse Jane had sent when, all of a sudden the raccoon boy dipped his front paw in the water and splashed a lot of it right in the face of Bob Cat, who was just going to grab Uncle Wiggly!

"Here! What are you doing that for?" howled Bob Cat.

"Oh, it's always polite to wash your face before you eat!" said Splashy, as he splashed a lot more water all over the lynx.

"Oh, wow! I can't stand that cold water!" howled Bob Cat. "It gives me the shivers and crinkles up my fur!"

And as Splashy sent more water in a shower all over him, away ran Bob Cat, not getting Uncle Wiggly at all.

"Ha! Ha! That's the time I fooled him!" laughed the little raccoon boy.

"I am hungry too," said Splashy Ringtail with his turnover, while Uncle Wiggly didn't know what to do. He was just going to tell Splashy that there really was no need to wash the nice, clean bit of pastry Nurse Jane had sent when, all of a sudden the raccoon boy dipped his front paw in the water and splashed a lot of it right in the face of Bob Cat, who was just going to grab Uncle Wiggly!

"Here! What are you doing that for?" howled Bob Cat.

"Oh, it's always polite to wash your face before you eat!" said Splashy, as he splashed a lot more water all over the lynx.

"Oh, wow! I can't stand that cold water!" howled Bob Cat. "It gives me the shivers and crinkles up my fur!"

And as Splashy sent more water in a shower all over him, away ran Bob Cat, not getting Uncle Wiggly at all.

Sister Mary

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

It is sometimes difficult for the inexperienced ironer to keep small articles, be they square or round, in perfect shape. Handkerchief corners have a way of not being square and round dillies are anything but round.

If one will iron the way of the cloth the problem will be solved. Iron with the threads of the weave and the centerpiece or dolly will be true and even.

MENU FOR TOMORROW

BREAKFAST—Stewed prunes, fried bread, strap coffee.

LUNCHEON—Stuffed onion, whole wheat bread, orange salad, tea.

DINNER—Meat pie, scalloped potatoes, cauliflower au gratin, romaine, oatmeal, macaroons, coffee.

MY OWN RECIPES

While the meat pie is baking the potatoes could be in the oven making one set of burners cook the dinner. The cauliflower could be boiled in the oven, keeping the house free from any cauliflower fumes.

STUFFED ONIONS

4 large onions
2 cup brown crumbs
1 tablespoon browned almonds (optional)
2 hard-boiled eggs
2 tablespoons grated cheese
1 egg (for dipping)
salt and pepper

Cook onions until tender but not broken. Remove inside sections and chop with bread crumbs soaked in milk, almonds, hard-boiled eggs and cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Put onions with this stuffing. Roll in flour, dip in beaten egg and fry in hot butter. Put in baking dish, pour over the following sauce and bake 30 minutes.

SAUCE

1 tablespoon flour
3-4 cup milk
1-2 cup strained tomato juice
1-2 teaspoon soda in tomatoes
Add flour to butter in which the onions were fried. Stir until smooth. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Add tomato juice and soda dissolved in it. Cook until smooth. Add to onions.

Red letter days for the family too often cause white nights for mother.

Little Benny

Me and Puds Simkins was walking along wondering if anything would happen, and something did, being a little short man with a big bag full of little packages coming up to us and saying, "Boys, do you want to have some fun?" He had me give out these sample packages of Corn Droplets. All you have to do is ring the bell and hand a package to whoever opens the door and say, "Accept this with the compliments of the Corn Droplets company."

And he gave us each a hole awful of packages. Puds saying, "Well, what do we get for doing it, mister?" You get the satisfaction of doing a good deed, what more do you want? said the man. Me and Puds not saying, and we started to give out the packages, me ringing one bell and Puds ringing the one rite next door, and some lady opened the door and I handed her a package, saying, "Accept this with the compliments of the Corn Droplets company."

This dinky thing? said the lady. And she slammed the door and just then another lady opened her door next door and Puds said, "Accept this with the compliments of the Corn Droplets company."

And me on the 3rd floor, dusting, well of all the ignorant ugly looking fat brats, said the lady. Meaning Puds, and she slammed her door even harder than mine slammed hers, Puds saying, "Hokey smokes, you said think it was the insults of the Corn Droplets company instead of the compliments."

And we went up on the next 2 steps and rang the bells, my door opening first and me saying, "Accept this with the compliments of the Corn Droplets company, and the lady said, "Those miserable things, I want a package once and the little family nearly choked to death trying not to waste them, get down off of there, you snub nose peasant. Meaning me, and she slammed the door as if it was a habit in that block, and Puds said, I am going to wait for mine, wait do you say we run like heck?"

And we did, with the rest of the packages, me giving mine to me saying, "Accept all these with the compliments of the Corn Droplets company. And me and pop tried them for breakfast this morning, just trying them for about even spoonful and wishing we hadn't even tried them that much."

EGG RECORD IS BROKEN

FRANKLIN, Ky.—Queen of Kentucky, a hen owned by the Misses Anna May and Blanche Bell, has broken the egg record of Kentucky, if not the world, by laying one egg every day for 366 days. She started her egg laying record Oct. 7, 1919, and it was Oct. 8, 1920 before she took a day's vacation.

"YOUR MEDICINE IS O. K."

Mrs. Chase Rule, New Digges, Wis., writes: "Your medicine is O. K. I think Polley's Honey and Tar is the best for coughs. I think your medicine is all you say it is. I know I would never be without it. You may use my name." Polley's Honey and Tar acts quickly, checks coughs, colds and croup, cuts the phlegm, opens air passages and relieves irritation. It stops sleep-disturbing coughing at night. Children like it. Contains no opiates. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

as he began to eat the turnover, not needing to wash that.

"You certainly fooled him and saved me," said the bunny, as he hopped on his way. And if the lead pencil doesn't try to draw molasses out of the kitchen faucet, and let it run all over the floor, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly's sewing lesson.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

WHO THE SCARECROW WAS

"Who is what he isn't, and isn't what he is?" That was the Magical Mushroom's riddle at the Scarecrow's masquerade party in the Corn Field.

It was getting pretty late, along for 'morning, indeed, and the last quarter of the hunter's moon was getting so low in the sky that it didn't look like more than 24 cents and didn't give any more light than a



Who should step around into full view but Fleet Fox.

nickel, scarcely. If it was dark when the guests came, it was now still darker and nobody could see a thing.

Nobody could guess this last riddle either. "I'll give it up," said Cutie Cottontail.

"Don't give up. Just keep an eye on the corn-shock beside you," answered the Mushroom mysteriously.

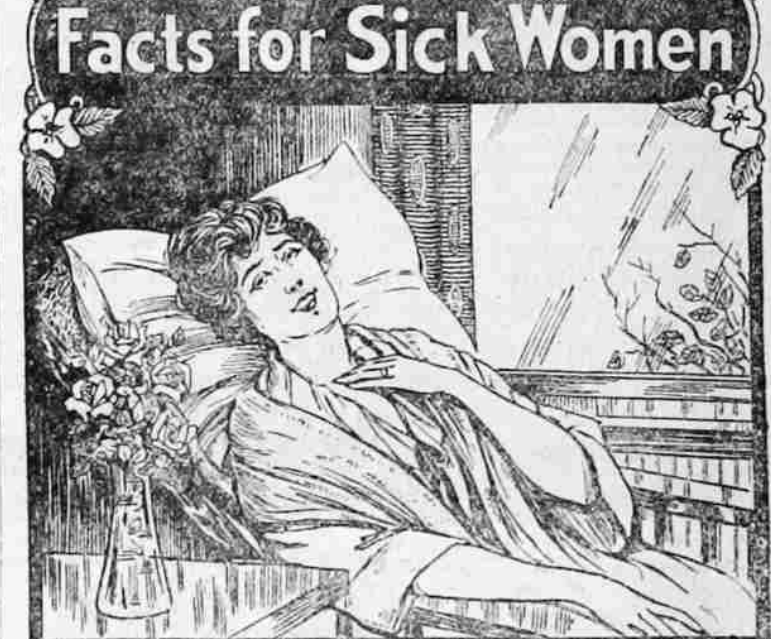
"I give up, too!" called Scamper Squirrel. "Don't," cautioned the Mushroom. "Just keep an eye on the corn-shock beside you."

"We give up. We give it up," said the twins.

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Turkeys have been used in Texas to protect crops from a plague of grasshoppers.

The largest barn in the world, housing 1000 head of cattle, was shown at the Minnesota state fair.



Reliable Information

All American women know of the great success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in restoring to health women who suffered from ailments peculiar to their sex, yet there are some who are skeptical and do not realize that all that is claimed for it is absolutely true—if they did, our laboratory would not be half large enough to supply the demand, though today it is the largest in the country used for the manufacture of one particular medicine.

The facts contained in the following two letters should prove of benefit to many women:

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I suffered with organic inflammation and displacement. When lifting I had such pain and bearing down that I was not able to stand up, and it hurt me to walk or go up or down stairs. I was going to a doctor without any results and he said the safest thing would be to have an operation. I met a lady who told me she had three operations and was not well until she took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I felt relief after taking two bottles of Vegetable Compound and I kept on with it until I was cured. I always use Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and they are fine. Everything went to turn sour on my stomach and the Liver Pills relieved that."—Mrs. A. Rogers, 533 Fargo Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sacramento, Calif.—"I had organic trouble and had such terrible pain and swelling in the lower part of my side that I could not stand on my feet or even lie the bed clothes touch my side. I gave up my work thinking I would not be able to go back for months. My mother advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it had saved her life at one time, and it put me in a wonderful condition in a couple of weeks, so I can keep on working. I work in a department store and have to stand on my feet all day and I do not have any more pain. I surely recommend your Vegetable Compound to all my friends and you may use those facts as a testimonial."—Barbara J. Farris, 3220 M St., Sacramento, Calif.

The fact is, the Best Medicine for Women is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

BY ALLMAN

